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KLEINDIENST

Newsweek

TERRORISM ON THE LEFT

Patrick A. Burns—New York Times

A new face of radicalism: Bomb wreckage at IBM offices in New York

Over the years, both the radical left and the radical right have scarred America with the politics of terrorism. As far back as the 1880s, the anarchists made "bomb thrower" part of the national vocabulary. During the height of the civil-rights movement, Southern white extremists were responsible for no fewer than 500 bombing attacks against Negroes. Last week, the thunder of explosives reverberated on the left. A series of bombings—some deadly and all apparently political—raised fears that young black and white revolutionaries had taken their war against the system to a grim new stage of militancy.

In New York, a blast demolished a fashionable Greenwich Village townhouse, and "police unearthed evidence" that it had been caused by the accidental detonation of a cache of bombs that a band of young radicals had been putting together in the basement. Three days later, a car suddenly exploded just after leaving Bel Air, Md., where black activist H. Rap Brown was to be tried on charges of inciting to riot. Both occupants of the car, one a close friend of Brown's, were killed, and the authorities surmised that they had been carrying a bomb for some act of violence in connection with the trial. The following night, another bomb ripped off a corner of the courthouse in Cambridge, Md., where Brown was to have been tried until the court ordered a change of venue to Bel Air. And then the New York offices of three large industrial corporations—IBM, Mobil Oil and General Telephone and Electronics—were shattered by nighttime blasts; the perpetrators, who called themselves "Revolutionary Force 9,"* warned the police just in time to evacuate the buildings and prevent injuries.

False Alarms: This streak of explosions was followed by a rash of bomb scares. Secretary of State William Rogers was hustled out of his Foggy Bottom office when two teen-agers shouted to guards that a bomb had been set to explode there; a search turned up nothing. Similar alarms sent bomb squads scouring public buildings and major offices around the country: The New York Times, sections of Grand Central Terminal in New York, a Boston subway station and the Prince Georges County Courthouse in Maryland were among the scores of places temporarily evacuated. In one 24-hour period starting with the three office-building blasts, New York police had more than 300 bomb reports to check out, and in many cities special inspections of briefcases and packages were made in buildings thought to be prime targets.

In Washington, Justice Department officials seemed to be deliberately trying to play down the bombings and discourage any fears that they might be part of a concerted nationwide campaign. "I would describe them as isolated incidents," declared Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, who is ordinarily sharply critical of radical exploits. "I would not exaggerate their importance. I do not connect them with the radical movement."

New Weapon: Kleindienst was anxious to stress the fact, freely admitted by radicals themselves, that the movement is so thoroughly fragmented these days as to be incapable of any concerted action. But last week's explosions drew attention to a sobering national phenomenon: a few revolutionary factions, still very small in numbers, have come to the conclusion that a stick of dynamite is a legitimate weapon against capitalist America.

The nationwide tally of bombings and other acts of terrorism attributed to radicals is sobering indeed. Last month, a San Francisco policeman was killed and nine others injured by a bomb in a stationhouse near the Haight-Ashbury district, and the city this past year experienced twenty-odd bombings, mostly of typical radical targets such as draft boards, utility companies and police stations. Seattle weathered 32 blasts in the last year, more than two-thirds of them in the last four months. Last month, campus radicals destroyed a Bank of America branch near Santa Barbara, Calif., with firebombs. Over the Christmas holidays someone in Madison, Wis. set firebombs in the University of Wisconsin's Army ROTC building, in an Army Reserve center, and in a university armory—and then, to top it off, stole a light plane and tossed three homemade bombs (which failed to explode) onto the Badger ammunition plant in Baraboo, Wis. Twenty-two members of the Black Panther party were accused of plotting to dynamite a number of New York department stores during the 1969 Easter shopping season, and last week the prosecution let it be known that it has tape recordings of conversations in which some of the Panther defendants allegedly discussed where to put the bombs. And a group of three white radicals will come to trial in April on charges of bombing New York's Federal Office Building, the Whitehall Street draft induction center and a National Guard truck.

The Sniffer: "If this is a trend, it is very bad news," said a Boston FBI agent last week after the New York and Maryland blasts. Most authorities concede there is no sure way to stop a determined bomb planter, despite the recent development of an electronic "artificial nose" to sniff out traces of explosives in airplane cargoes. Complicating the law-enforcement problem is the ease with which explosives can be obtained in America. The laws governing the sale of dynamite and other explosives vary from state to state and city to city. Some states, such as Texas, don't even require a permit for the purchase of dynamite. In others, permits are readily obtained, particularly in rural areas. Whatever the regulations, extremists find it a simple matter to steal explosives from construction sites or plants. Just last week, for example, Ordnance Products, Inc., an ex-

*A title that some thought might be derived from the Beatles' 1968 composition "Revolution 9."

± NB Kleindienst

Newsweek—Tony Rollo

Bob Burchette—The Washington Post

Tokens of the 'trashmen': Rubble of the house on West 11th Street and blasted corner of the Cambridge courthouse

plosives maker in Maryland, was robbed of 7,000 dynamite detonators.

Radical-watchers might have sensed what was coming when the Weatherman* faction burst on the scene at last summer's tumultuous SDS convention. "Bring the war home" was one of their slogans: like many radicals, they wanted a drastic change in the American political and economic system, but unlike most, they believed the time was ripe for active revolutionary behavior in the streets.

Underground: In October, Weatherman staged four "days of rage," a wild, window-smashing rampage in Chicago. Bitter criticism of such aimless violence from fellow radicals led to a tactical reappraisal over the winter, and gradually Weatherman split into two main groups: the "Narodniki" (named for the populists of the nineteenth-century Russian revolutionary movement) and the "Nihilists." The Narodniki wanted to engage in action designed to win over the people to the revolutionary cause. The Nihilists were for terrorism, but terrorism clearly directed against the governmental and industrial arms of the U.S. "war machine." Thus riven ideologically and also anxious to tighten security, Weatherman disbanded, or rather went underground. The central Chicago "Weather Bureau" was shut down, and the large Weatherman communes split up into small groups (of which the Greenwich Village bombmakers may have been one) that drifted off to live in major cities.

Most radicals—and Federal authorities—agree that there is no real coordination between the isolated groups that are dynamite-prone. "Individuals trash buildings," says one veteran of a Weatherman commune ("trash" is the current radical verb for "bomb"). "Weatherman hasn't come out for bombs."

Such distinctions aside, radicals who have turned to terrorism speak these days of the use of dynamite and Molotov cocktails with an almost clinical sense of detachment. They feel themselves to be the instruments of a higher morality—and thus freed of conventional responsibility for the bloodshed and devastation their tactics can cause. In interviews with radicals around the country last week, NEWSWEEK uncovered some of the rationales underlying the turn to terrorism.

First of all, there is a raging frustration that milder tactics have failed to achieve radical objectives. "We've tried peaceful protest, picketing and finally rioting," says a San Francisco militant. "But our being in the streets with our hands and sticks isn't going to overcome the police. It's not a question of whether to use violence or not. There's no other way." There is a we'll-try-anything desperation afoot. "No one knows whether terrorism will work here," says one Harvard leftist. "No one has really tried it yet."

'Transcendence': Some radicals are evolving an almost mystical philosophy of terrorism. They see destruction of property as a way of inducing people to "transcend" their material preoccupations. "It destroys what was once thought to be permanent," explains one radical theorist. "If buildings begin to blow up all around, people might abandon the idea of suffering through life to build a permanent monument. They might adopt the idea of enjoying and participating with humility in something other than oneself."

There is also a sense that a radical is not really an honest or a whole person if he is not willing to translate his political beliefs into action of the most direct and uncompromising sort. "You give meaning to your life by fighting the system," one Weatherman type explains simply. The manifesto issued by "Revolutionary Force 9" after it planted its three bombs in New York last week gives more ornate expression to much the same thought: "To know the torments Amerika* inflicts on the Third World, but not to sympathize and identify, is to deny our humanity," it read in part. "It is to deny our right to love—and not to love is to die. We refuse. In death-directed Amerika there is only one way to a life of love and freedom: to attack and destroy the forces of death and exploitation and to build a just society—revolution."

'Consciousness': Some argue, too, that bombings help build revolutionary "consciousness" and wake people up to what radicals see as their true interests. "When people start realizing there's a war going on and it's very real and dangerous, they'll start thinking about it," says a West Coast militant. "It puts them up against the wall and makes them think about what they are doing." According to this view, it is actually a good thing that bombings encourage repressive countermeasures by the authorities, because such government action will help turn people against the existing order.

So far, however, the radicals seem to have triggered far more of a backlash against themselves than against the state. It is precisely on this point that terrorist-minded radicals meet the most resistance within the radical movement—and they are still very heavily outnumbered by radicals who strongly disapprove of what they are doing. Some New Leftists still reject all violence on moral grounds. More

*A name plucked from the Bob Dylan lyric "You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows."

*A German spelling sometimes affected by radicals to express their view of America as a Fascist state.

UPI

Bel Air wreckage: 'Into pit of hell'

Associated Press

Brown: Out of sight

UPI

Featherstone: Lost

take a pragmatic attitude: they condemn bombings for alienating the very people they want to convert and mobilizing society against a movement as yet extremely weak. One Columbia junior puts it, "Bombs are basically self-destructive."

The bombers may well eventually defeat their own cause. They may wither away for lack of support within their own movement. But last week, policemen and radicals alike were quietly expressing the view that the violence would get worse before it gets better, and some Americans found themselves wondering whether the war, in a sense, had not indeed come home.

Losers on U.S. 1

They were two flamed-out veterans of the civil-rights movement grown bitter after too many losing battles. Ralph Featherstone, 30, and William (Che) Payne, 26, borrowed a car in Washington last week and drove north to Bel Air, Md., the pleasant little Baltimore exurb where their old SNCC comrade Rap Brown was coming to trial on riot charges. The two reached Bel Air, then headed back down U.S. 1 into a chilly Maryland midnight. They were abreast of the old tollhouse just beyond the Bel Air town limits when an explosive charge went off with a *whoooom!* and a sudden bright ball of flame—and the car, Featherstone and Che were blown to pieces.

The blast left barely enough with which to identify the dead, let alone to say with certainty what happened. Some Negroes promptly blamed white racists. But police moved swiftly and persuasively to another theory: the two SNCC veterans were knowingly transporting a bomb between some undivulged Point X and some unknown Target Y—probably connected with the Brown case—and the bomb had gone off by accident. Twenty-five hours after the first explosion, a second blasted out an entire corner of the 118-year-old Dorchester County Courthouse in Cambridge, Md.—the tense Eastern Shore town that Brown was accused of having set ablaze with a fiery speech in 1967.

Authorities had long since got Brown's trial switched to Bel Air precisely because they feared trouble if he came back to Cambridge. Lawyer William Kunstler spent much of opening day last week arguing in vain against the move. Brown himself wasn't there. He was said to have arranged by phone to meet Featherstone and Payne in Maryland. But he didn't show up in court Monday for the preliminaries. Featherstone reportedly spent Monday at some sort of handiwork in the basement of a bookshop he managed in Washington. That evening, he and Payne started for Maryland in their borrowed 1964 Dodge Dart.

Police speculated later that the two had set out to blow up the Bel Air courthouse and abort the trial. But the guard there was too heavy, so this theory ran, and they turned back. They were a quarter-mile south of town (and a mile from the courthouse) when the bomb went off—possibly, police thought, because Payne was tinkering with it, possibly because it was made of volatile old dynamite or nitroglycerin.

In the midst of the excitement, Brown dropped out of sight. Authorities supposed later that he had simply returned to New York and holed up, but for a few hours after the explosion, rumors flew that Rap had been the second victim. And even after Payne was identified, black activists insisted that he and Featherstone had been the victims of a racist plot against Brown—that the bomb had been planted in the car with a timer or pitched in on the open road.

The Maryland troopers, however, countered that the car had been going 40 to 60 miles an hour with its windows rolled up, knocking out the possibility of a thrown bomb. And state police Lt. Col. Thomas Smith was convinced it hadn't been planted either. The pattern of Payne's injuries—particularly the burns on his legs and the blown-away jaw—led both Smith and a state pathologist to conclude that the bomb had been above the floorboard and that Payne was bending over it when it went off. And, to the colonel, the very fury of the blast argued against the assassination theory. "It was," he said, "a terrific explosion—one you'd use for a building, not a car."

The FBI: At the weekend, the FBI rendered its own judgment in the case—one that strongly supported the view that Featherstone and Payne had blown themselves up. An FBI telegram to Maryland Gov. Marvin Mandel said that the blast had occurred within the passenger compartment of the car and indicated that the explosives had not been concealed under the floorboards. The FBI also reported that a clockwork mechanism had been found in the wreckage and that fragments of batteries had been removed from Payne's body.

That someone was out to blow buildings came chillingly clear the night after the blast on U.S. 1, when another charge went off in a second-floor ladies room in the Cambridge courthouse and blew out a gaping hole nearly two stories deep. Authorities had only a wisp of a lead; a white woman had been seen on the floor near closing time with a big handbag. But investigators could only surmise that the two explosions were connected to one another and to the Brown trial. Tension ran high, but Judge Harry E. Dyer Jr. refused to stop the trial. He agreed only to a recess till this week—long enough for friends to bury Featherstone and Payne.

Either-Or: And to wonder not just what had happened but why. Featherstone's old friends from the movement could not imagine him bombing anything; they remembered him as a quiet, brainy sort, a speech therapist who came South for SNCC's Mississippi Freedom Summer in 1964 and never quit, a gifted organizer whose politics ran to a mild utopian socialism. But over the years, Featherstone began to change. He went to Cuba. He began to talk revolution. He bade one old white friend good-by: "You're either part of the solution, or part of the problem."

When he died, police said, Featherstone was carrying a typed, unsigned letter to his country. "To Amerika," it started. ". . . I'm playing for keeps 'cause when the deal goes down I'm gon be

standing in your chest screaming like Tarzan, and the looser pays the cut. Dynamite is my response to your justice. Guns and bullets are my answers to your killers and oppressors . . . For my people I'll chase you into pit of hell with both barrels smoking and may the best man win and God bless the loser."

The House on 11th Street

West Eleventh Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues in Greenwich Village, is a quiet, tree-lined stretch of architectural elegance—an urban American dream. The 125-year-old town house at No. 18 was typical—roomy, expensive ($265,000) and exquisitely furnished. Then, one afternoon, the dream exploded in a series of dynamite blasts that destroyed the house and last week led police to the discovery that it was being used as a "bomb factory" by a band of New Left guerrillas.

At least three of the young revolutionaries were killed in the explosions. In the rubble of the building, police found the crushed body of 23-year-old Theodore Gold, a leader of the student revolt at Columbia University two years ago, and the dismembered torsos of a man and a woman, neither immediately identifiable. The police were also hunting for two young women who escaped after the blast. One of them was quickly identified as 25-year-old Cathlyn Wilkerson, the daughter of the building's owner, James P. Wilkerson, who is the head of a chain of Midwest radio stations. The other was thought to be her close friend and radical comrade, Kathy Boudin, 26, the daughter of a lawyer active in civil-liberties causes.

Radicals: The strange saga of the house on Eleventh Street apparently did not end there. Even as fire marshals and police bomb-squad experts picked through the debris and collected more traces of bodies and explosives, underground sources told NEWSWEEK's Thomas Dotton an extraordinary story of the Eleventh Street revolutionaries and the plans that literally exploded in their faces. According to these sources, about a dozen young radicals—mostly middle-class college graduates or dropouts with roots in various factions of SDS—had holed up in the Wilkerson house to make bombs. Their plan: to blast buildings at Columbia University (and elsewhere) last Friday in conjunction with a planned protest on the campus.

The radicals, many of them originally students at Columbia, had been drifting into the city for weeks from Boston, Chicago and elsewhere. The new focus of their attention at Columbia was a demand by far leftists that the university admit its guilt as part of a "racist society" by arranging the bail for the Black Panthers on trial in New York in an alleged bombing conspiracy.

As they prepared for their new offensive, the young activists kept busy looking for apartments and asking old friends and sympathetic teachers for large sums of money to finance a mysterious operation. "I've been doing a lot of exciting, underground things, and I know now I'm not afraid to die," red-haired Weatherman Ted Gold told an old classmate at a Columbia snack bar last month. And a young woman who dropped out of law school and left her husband to join the band confessed to a friendly Columbia faculty member that she was "doing something dangerous and risky." When her faculty friend warned that this might lead to jail, the woman replied, fatalistically: "This life and all is nothing more than a jail, so there is little to lose. It really doesn't matter any more."

Music: The terrorists were apparently scattered around the Wilkerson house—vacant while Miss Wilkerson's father and stepmother were vacationing in the Caribbean—just before the dynamite went off. Gold, friends said, was on the parlor floor working on a book about the origins of SDS. Others were relaxing with rock music and marijuana. In the subbasement, according to the same sources, two young women were actually turning the stored dynamite into bombs.

After the first explosion, neighbors helped two young men over a backyard fence and saw a third escape by the same route. Out front, where a huge hole had been blown in the front wall, Cathlyn Wilkerson and the girl thought to be Kathy Boudin were helped from the rubble. "Where's Adam?" one cried, apparently referring to a young man recently arrived in the house from Canada. The two young women, dazed and staggering, were taken in by a neighbor, Mrs. Susan Wager (the wife of actor Michael Wager and former wife of actor Henry Fonda), who let them shower and gave them fresh clothes. They left—saying that they were only going to a nearby drugstore for medication. Actually, underground sources said, the girls fled in a taxi driven by one of the male members of the band who had also escaped from the building after the explosion. Police believe the girls made their way to a hiding place in Canada.

Dynamite: The destructive power of the dynamite cache unearthed in the ruins of the house stunned even bomb-squad veterans. Police said they found 57 sticks of dynamite—some already tied together in convenient bomb-size blocks—unwrapped dynamite and 140 blasting caps. Also found in the wreckage were clockwork timing devices and electrical wire. "If all the dynamite in there had gone off, the blast would have been devastating," said one police official. "There was enough dynamite there to demolish most of the block."

Initially, police speculated that the dynamite discovered on Eleventh Street had been passed on by other radicals before they were arrested last fall in connection with a series of Manhattan office-building bombings. Then the cops visited upstate hippie communes near the site of last summer Woodstock festival where caches of explosives were discovered last month. Finally it was learned that the dynamite had been bought only weeks ago in Keene, N.H., where regulations regarding such sales are less stringent than in New York.

As the investigation went on, Cathlyn Wilkerson's parents directed impassioned pleas to the girl. Her pacifist mother, Mrs. Audrey Logan, now the wife of the majority leader of the New Hampshire

Photos by Associated Press

Frank Castoral—N.Y. Daily News

Wilkerson (left), Gold, Boudin and firemen with unidentified body: A dream of revolution exploded in their faces

House of Representatives, said she wanted Cathlyn to understand that men were "constantly risking their lives" while searching the blasted town house. "Cathy," said her father tearfully, "I am appealing to you or any of your friends who know where you are to contact us . . . just to let us know how many more people, if any, are still left in the ruins of our home."

Activist: Cathlyn, Wilkerson told NEWSWEEK's Patricia Lynden later, was an "activist . . . a girl who was intelligent in some ways and extremely naïve in others." He had been in touch with her infrequently since she graduated from Swarthmore College in 1966, understood she had been living in SDS communes in Chicago and Washington (she made an abortive trip to Hanoi) and knew that she had been arrested—along with Kathy Boudin—during the "days of rage" staged by rampaging Weathermen and Weatherwomen in Chicago last October. "When I came back from Europe," said Wilkerson, "she was out on bail for a Weatherwoman act, so I gathered she was one. I hadn't even heard of them until that time."

Leonard Boudin, Kathy's father, was obviously a good deal more knowledgeable about the radical movement—and turned out to be somewhat less cooperative with police. Boudin, who has represented a long list of activist clients and recently defended Dr. Benjamin Spock against charges of conspiring to advocate draft evasion, told the police only that he knew his pretty, dark-haired daughter was alive and well; he refused to say where. Kathy had visited Cuba, after living in Moscow as part of her senior studies at Bryn Mawr College from which she graduated in 1965. "She was always talking about revolution," said a Bryn Mawr classmate last week. "But we thought it was a metaphor."

Theodore Gold had also made the pilgrimage to Cuba. Active in civil-rights work since his high-school days, he entered Columbia and for several years talked about going on to law school. "He had a leftist orientation," said one old friend, "but it was within the framework of acceptable student activism." Then in 1966 he helped form a Columbia chapter of Students for a Democratic Society and eventually ended up a leader—along with Mark Rudd—in the 1968 riots. From there it was on to Chicago, a commune, the Weathermen and back to New York. Through it all, Gold remained a devoted baseball fan and he laughingly told a friend just two weeks before his death: "Sometimes I think I'll have to wait for Willie Mays to retire before I become a good Communist."

Echo: The deaths on Eleventh Street had their inevitable echo at Columbia. At a rally called to press demands that the university pay the Panthers' bail, one radical youth asked more than 1,000 cheering, chanting students to observe 30 seconds of silence "to honor two martyrs to the cause accidentally killed this week who will be hard to replace." Later, after exhortations by French playwright Jean Genet and yippie leaders Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, several hundred demonstrators briefly took over Uris Hall, home of the Graduate School of Business, then broke windows in half a dozen other buildings.

Columbia officials were relieved that the bomb plot against the university—about which they had received warnings—had failed. And at least one faculty member who had more than an inkling of the terrorist turn taken by the Eleventh Street band was suffering pangs of conscience over his own reluctance to intervene. "Sure, I was told what they were doing," he said, "but I didn't imagine that it was so serious . . . I was a bit tempted to call in the police, but I didn't think that was the solution, either. But perhaps it would have been better if I had."

UPI

Celler: 'I'll fight tooth and nail'

CONGRESS:

Age of Aquarius

For at least three decades now, granting the vote to 18-year-olds has been touted as an idea whose time had come. Last week—in the midst of the wave of youthful unrest sweeping the nation—the U.S. Senate seconded the motion. By a surprisingly large margin, the Senate passed an amendment to the bill extending the 1965 Voting Rights Act that would enfranchise 18-year-olds in Federal, state and local elections. And despite the opposition of a key committee chairman, there was growing support for the measure in the House as well.

Right now, only four states (Alaska, Georgia, Hawaii and Kentucky) allow those under 21 to vote. The Senate measure, which would take effect in 1971, would give the ballot to some 11 million young people. The result could significantly affect the make-up of local governing bodies—such as school boards—and could have a pronounced impact on national parties and politicians as they try to respond to a new constituency. "Those of us above the age of 30," Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield told his colleagues, "could stand a little educating from these youngsters—not the minuscule minority that always gets the publicity, but the conscientious, idealistic majority of young men and women who could bring our parties some new blood, some new vigor, some new ideas."

Memo: The Senate amendment to enfranchise 18-year-olds had its roots in an office memorandum that Sen. Edward Kennedy began circulating last month. Until then, it was widely assumed in Congress that tinkering with age requirements could only be done through a Constitutional amendment—a logical enough conclusion since the Constitution, in four separate places, specifically grants states the power to set voting qualifications. The Kennedy memo contained a novel legal proposition: that a 1966 Supreme Court decision had, in effect, given Congress the right to grant the vote to 18-year-olds by statute. All Congress had to do, the paper reasoned, was to rule that the denial of the vote to anyone over 18 was a violation of the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The memorandum—which drew heavily on a 1966 article in the Harvard Law Review by former Solicitor General (now Harvard law professor) Archibald Cox—made a deep impression on a number of senators, among them Mansfield. Two weeks ago, the Majority Leader decided to tack the 18-year-old amendment onto the Voting Rights Act, which was up for renewal. The tactic caused some concern among civil-rights lobbyists who feared that this would only make it more difficult for the Senate version of the bill to survive intact. But Mansfield, who is nothing if not stubborn, stuck to his guns. "This is the only chance we have to get the vote for the 18-year-olds," he told one senator who tried to talk him into changing his tactics. Later, Mansfield took the floor and fervently argued his case. "At 18, 19 and 20, young people . . . fight our wars. I think they have earned [the right to vote] and have earned it far better than many of us in this chamber." The final vote astounded even the Majority Leader: the Senate passed the amendment by a whopping 64 to 17.

Voting Rights: The passage of the Mansfield amendment all but overshadowed the significance of the Senate's action on the voting-rights bill itself. The 1965 law put perhaps a million Negro voters on the rolls. When the extension of the act was taken up by the House three months ago, the Nixon Administration won passage of a version stripping the legislation of its most effective enforcement powers. With the matter before the Senate a fortnight ago, Administration agents were still lobbying for the House version.

But the Senate, which had bowed to Southern pressure on the school-desegregation issue last month, stood firm on voting rights.

Late last week, it accepted a com-